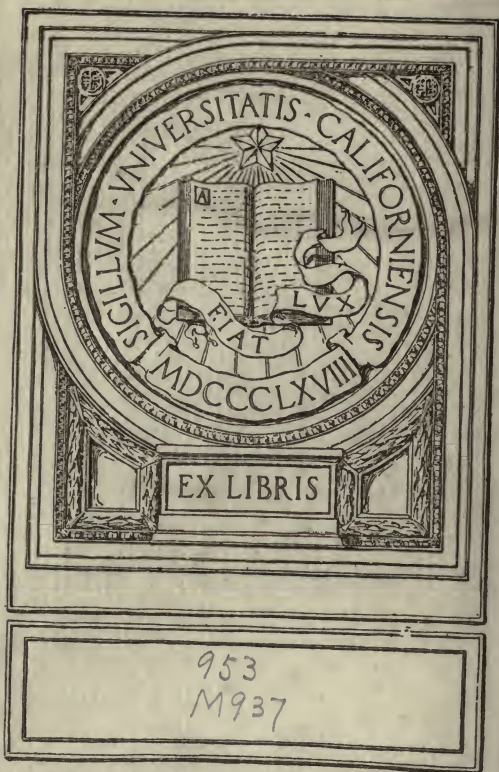


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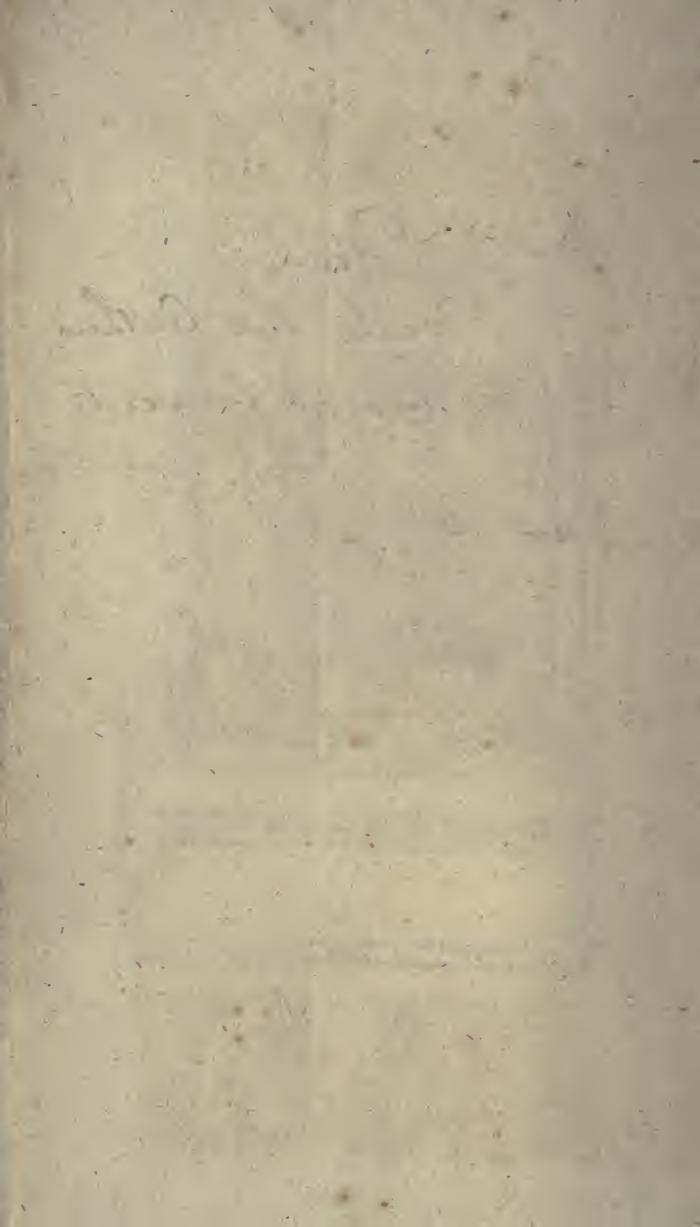
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Mr J. Eden  
with the Author's  
Compliments

Jan 14/26



THE

P R O S P E C T,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

---

BY EDWARD MOXON.

//

---

“BEAR WITH ME.”

---

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN.

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1826.

TO THE  
ADJUTANT-GENERAL

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

TO  
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

IN ADMIRATION

OF HIS

POETICAL GENIUS,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS MOST  
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY HIS HUMBLE

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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## ADDRESS.

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IN ushering forth this unworthy volume to the Public, it is necessary, by way of preface, in order that its merits or demerits be justly understood, to offer some apology. In the first place, it is the first production of a very young man ; unlettered, self-taught, ignorant of every language except his native tongue, and even imperfect in that, as he is afraid the following production will too evidently prove. When it is told, that from little more than

twelve years of age to the present time, it has been his lot to be daily occupied from morning until evening, in laborious employment ; nor has he received any instruction since that period. When it is told that the only time in which he could indulge in his favourite recreation, was on a Sunday morning, or during the still more solemn hours of midnight. When it is told that the following poems are, with little variation, just as they originally emanated from the author's mind. When it is told that little time was employed in writing them, as they were all written during the summer just ended ; with the exception of lines " On the death of a friend," and lines " On the Rose," which were composed in the preceding year, and are the author's earliest productions. When it is told that

still less time was employed in correcting and amending them ; as the author generally found those lines which were written quickly and spontaneously the best, and according to his judgment requiring the least correction.

When what has been stated, is taken into consideration, together with the author's little pretensions to originality or elegance,—it is hoped, that, though it may not wholly disarm, yet that it will dull or smooth a little the too severe edge of criticism : and though he should not meet with approbation in a critical point of view, which he doubts ; he hopes to meet with it in a no less acceptable way, a moral one.—Since writing the principal poem, the author has discovered in

his promiscuous reading two plagiarisms, merely in phrases, for instance—

“The lot of all.”—GOLDSMITH.

Again,

“No soul to save.”—POPE.

Of these he was previously ignorant. He has suffered them to remain, finding it easier to acknowledge these than to substitute other words equally appropriate. Should he be found guilty of this fault in any greater instances, he wishes it to be understood, that it was unintentional, and wholly unknown to him.

Should the author have failed in affording an hour of amusement or a little of instruction, to those who may have favoured him a perusal,

that Muse who, in her conscientious rectitude, dictated to him the following poems, also consoles by whispering in his ear, "that it is noble even to fail, in a good cause."

*November 8th, 1825.*



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THE PROSPECT.

## THE PROSPECT.

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CITY OF  
NEW YORK

NEW YORK: 1891

## THE PROSPECT.

---

FAREWELL ! adieu ! thou dearest resting place,  
Where soon again I hope my steps to trace ;  
When wandering thoughts have ceased within my  
breast,

And, weary with the world, I pant for rest—  
When other climes I have exchanged for thee,  
Borne by the waves athwart the purple sea ;  
Landed on shores remote that once could boast  
A nobler race than now infests their coast ;  
Climb'd o'er steep mountains, gazed from off their  
brow,

Survey'd the various scenes outstretch'd below ;

The flow'ry meadow, and the verdant dale,  
The grove, the flock, slow winding through the vale ;  
The noisy torrents which the hills forsake,  
The rolling river, and the silent lake ;  
The fallen city, once the ancient pride  
Of Kings, whose scatter'd relics sleep beside  
The mouldering monument that bears their name,  
Their glorious actions, virtue, and their fame,  
Whose very record crumbling, seems to wrong  
The dust it fain immortal would prolong ;  
Cities that once could boast a noble race,  
While yet the light of liberty had place ;  
All desolate now, save the tired wand'ring guest  
Who seeks their shade, by summer's heat oppress'd ;  
Stillness prevails, with solitary gloom  
To veil a nation prostrate in the tomb ;  
The fox, the wolf, now lurks beneath the walls,  
The swallow builds above where nightly calls  
In shrieks the owl, awaking from her cells  
The hollow echo that in cavern dwells,

Complaining to the moon of winds that wrest,  
 Through battlements where creeps her ivy nest ;  
 Where, more mellifluous, and in sweeter strain,  
 The nightingale, to soothe her midnight pain,  
 Sings from amongst the piles where olives spread,  
 And myrtles rear their emblematic head :  
 Her chaunt, the dirge of nature's fleet decay,  
 Of thousands swept eternally away.

Farewell ! while other homes I seek afar,  
 Cheer'd on the way by yonder morning star ;  
 Wand'ring alone, it sheds its purple ray,  
 So through the world I solitary stray :  
 No breast to whom I can my thoughts confide,  
 Not even a friend my erring steps to chide ;  
 No hope to cherish, and no ties to bind,  
 Save those I've left in sorrow deep behind.  
 'Tis not to seek a better, happier home,  
 'Tis not to find a dearer that I roam ;  
 Far other thoughts within my bosom rise,  
 'Tis other lands to see, my own to prize.

Thus all alone, I sit me down in thought,  
 And gaze upon the scenes my fancy's wrought ;  
 Three different ranks respective roads pursue,  
 All leading to the goal where ends my view.  
 In yon smooth path no hills in steepness rise,  
 There gilded sunbeams glitter from the skies ;  
 The road seems easy,—prospect bright and clear ;  
 Splendours arise, and palaces appear ;  
 Crowded 's the way with pomp and gaudy glare,  
 Which makes the ignorant with wonder stare :  
 They gaze and pant for what the eye admires,  
 'Tis that to which alone their soul aspires :  
 Happy each seems, if happy here are found,  
 Mirth and gay smiles in every face abound.  
 Smooth as it seems, full many a sightless thorn  
 Lurks in the wreath by Fortune's favourites worn :  
 The mantling smile that would a joy impart,  
 Is but the glitter of a gilded heart ;  
 Jealousy, envy, and foul rancorous pride,  
 Are oft the passions which that smile would hide.

These splendid palaces, and festive halls,  
 Where riot revels, and loud laughter bawls,  
 Are not the hospitable seats of old,  
 Which to the needy would their gates unfold.  
 'Twas there the pilgrim found a welcome rest ;—  
 The neighbouring poor with cheer were doubly blest ;  
 Where now the traveller is forbid their door,  
 Banish'd from their domains the helpless poor ;  
 Exiled is charity and no longer shown,  
 By which alone their fathers sought renown.  
 Cruel oppression and vain empty show,  
 Is all the wealthy on the poor bestow ;  
 Yet some there are ! whose bounty rears a smile,  
 Scatter'd like gems upon this happy isle ;  
 To them my muse untaught her lay will sing,  
 Till with their praises vibrates every string ;  
 My rustic lyre her loudest notes will strain,  
 In chorus join'd by every rural swain :  
 Happy 's the village, by such lord possess'd,  
 Its numerous ills, and all its wants redress'd.



Gray hairs protected, life's departure cheer :  
 The aged man, bent with his eightieth year,  
 Looks back with pride,—still prattling, in his joy,  
 Of those blest times his patron was a boy ;  
 Relates the pranks at Whitsuntide he's seen,  
 When in the frolic he has foremost been.  
 The joke at harvest-home he tells with glee,  
 When he from time's infirmities was free ;  
 Of many a chase he with his patron run,  
 When both in youth were blooming as the sun ;  
 When to the woods, blithe, cheerful as the morn  
 They swept the vale as hart before the horn.  
 Thus when this life in virtue's cause is spent,  
 Though towards the grave its faded form is bent,  
 No evil deeds to hover round its close,  
 With joy it ponders on its own repose ;  
 Looks back with happiness, there loves to dwell,  
 While fond memorials in the bosom swell,  
 Which waken every sympathetic fire,  
 And with new hopes the virtuous breast inspire ;



Above this world its raised eye is cast,  
 Which views with joy the future as the past.  
 'Tis thus the old their feeble hours beguile,  
 Imploring Heaven upon their lord to smile :  
 The listening young around repeat the same,  
 The good man praise, and spread abroad his fame.  
 In Britain once, it was the peasant's pride  
 His plough to leave to grace his patron's side,  
 His home, his cot, his farm, and all forego,  
 To battle with his lord's revengeful foe ;  
 Nor less the bounteous squire may yet retain  
 The patriot service of the village swain.

The next, a madd'ning crowd, tumultuous pour,  
 Discordant as the deep when tempests roar ;  
 With eager steps the path they wary sweep,  
 With eyes upraised to yonder haughty steep  
 Whose sides repulsive hundreds climb in vain,  
 With beating breast ambitious power to gain.  
 Heedless, in sordid thought they moving throng,  
 No charm but gain can e'er their steps prolong.

Where yonder overwhelming city stands,  
Rich with the teeming spoil of foreign lands,  
'Tis there they gather 'midst incessant broil,  
With schemes prolific ne'er remitting toil.  
By riches lured they leave the calm domain,  
In danger search afar the watery plain.  
With sails unfurl'd they ply the earth around,  
To Chilian shores where richest ore is found ;  
The earth unbosom for its costly mould,  
The greatest bane of life, its glittering gold.  
To rougher climes they take their wayward flight,  
To Northern seas, where broods the sable Night,  
Who spreads her wings across the cheerless main,  
Where Spring forgets to lead her jovial train,  
Where milder summer hardly shows her face,  
Or casts a gleam on Lapland's hardy race.  
Where winter's rage autumnal warmth supplies ;  
And crystal seas like Alpine mountains rise.  
To where, in all the pomp of Oriental show,  
In all the wealth his native plains bestow,

The flaxen Hindoo glitters in the shade,  
In all the softness of his clime array'd.  
Where all that sways this world of discontent,  
(Whose earthly minds on nought but gain are bent);  
Where depths, and sands with riches teem profuse,  
And palmy groves their silken webs produce;  
Whose ivory plains, and fruitful spicy soil,  
Repay the tiller's, and the hunter's toil.  
Where fertile Egypt's foster'd by the Nile,  
Whose wave luxurious spreads around a smile.  
As crops beneath refreshing showers arise,  
Her fruitful stream the dew of heaven supplies.  
Thus Egypt blooms, her greatest wants allay'd;  
Thus the Almighty's in his works display'd.  
Where Afric burns beneath a scorching sky,  
And Lybian plains extending trackless lie.  
Remoter still they ope their crafty sails;  
Their boundless avarice scarce the world avails;  
Though storms impede, and desolation roar,  
They press still onwards to their destined shore.

No clime escapes their eagle searching eye,  
 No dangers damp, or bold restrictions tie ;  
 Firmly each plants his foot in every land ;  
 Boldly to where their genius may command,  
 A venturous band, with one accord they steer ;  
 Where reigns the goddess there her sons appear.  
 What region, say, however curst or bare,  
 But Commerce has her footing planted there?  
 How eager they pursue life's fleeting store,  
 Howe'er with plenty blest, still pant for more ;  
 With breathless labour future bliss prepare,  
 By treasuring riches which they ne'er can share :  
 How vain their toil ! to what low aims confined !  
 Deluding hopes ! yet sought by all mankind.  
 Transient as dreams which lull the slumbering head,  
 No trace remains,—they glitter, and are fled ;  
 As though this life no close was e'er to know,  
 Or peace but that which riches can bestow ;  
 No happiness to seek beyond the grave,  
 No charity to learn, or soul to save :

Forgetting e'er to cast a pitying eye  
 Around where cheerless poverty may lie.  
 They spurn compassion, lest its tender sway  
 Their breast should melt, their worldliness betray.  
 See yonder form, care furrow'd on his brow,  
 His once dark locks now hoary as the snow ;  
 Pale is his cheek as monumental stone,  
 Wither'd his frame, and feeble is his tone.  
 Through life's rough scenes, all lonely he has trod ;  
 Still plods his way, and Mammon is his god :  
 His grosser tastes refinement ne'er could please ;  
 Sweet social comfort, or domestic ease.  
 He feebly totters ;—past is Autumn's bloom,—  
 And Winter's summons calls him to the tomb ;  
 But still, as cling wreck'd seamen to the shore,  
 He clings to wealth—recounts and counts it o'er.  
 He never sought the wounded breast to heal,  
 The breaking heart which bursting sighs reveal ;  
 The mournful widow, plunged in utmost grief,  
 With weeping babes, without a friend's relief ;

Alone, bereaved, a solitary plant,  
No hopes to soothe, but those which Heaven may grant.  
The helpless child, in sorrow doom'd to tread,  
In tender years to labour hard for bread ;  
Unused to toil, or want, 'midst plenty born,  
Still less to feel a world's untimely scorn ;  
Open to every snare, to danger left ;  
Of every tie, and every friend bereft.  
No watchful father, with persuasive skill,  
Each wise and heavenly precept to instill ;  
The mind to bend, as it begins to shoot,  
In steadfastness to fix each budding root ;  
To lead the way, and by example show  
The dubious path assign'd that man should go ;  
Thus strengthen reason with a tenfold might,  
Each argument pursue, and prove it right.  
No doting mother's gentle mild rebuke,  
To censure folly with a tender look ;  
Each wayward passion which too oft will burn,  
By kind endearments in the breast to turn ;



To guard, as she was wont, her infant's head,  
When, to its couch from every joy she's fled ;  
To watch its breathings as its eyelids close,  
Its placid slumbering, and its sweet repose,  
Its downy cheek and fair angelic face ;  
There kiss with rapture, future bliss there trace ;  
To cheer with smiles, in sickness to caress,  
To soothe in pain, to comfort in distress ;  
No mother's love, or mother's anxious care,  
Her offspring's griefs and happiness to share ;  
Whose fervent prayer, the source of all her joy,  
Was, " Heaven protect and bless my darling boy !"   
The wretched cot where cold and glooms preside,  
Where poverty with all its glooms allied ;  
Where pining age the few remaining years  
Closes for want, and dimly disappears.  
Where sickness pale reclines its feeble head,  
Long forced by weakness to its thorny bed.  
Where close confined within his narrow cell,  
The outcast prisoner's doom'd alone to dwell.

The suffering debtor, rear'd in better days,  
 Perhaps once felt proud Fortune's genial blaze ;  
 Now doom'd to penury, in a prison laid,  
 Too oft by others' wicked guile betray'd ;  
 Forced to endure Misfortune's cruel frown,  
 For others' desperate follies, not his own.  
 To these, to these his soul would never bend,  
 He never was the poor, the needy's friend.  
 The widow's tears, the orphan's piercing cries,  
 The tatter'd shed, where age and misery lies,  
 All move not him a kindly look to wear,  
 Or on the friendless drop a pitying tear.  
 The ample store which he from Heaven possess'd,  
 Ne'er cheer'd or made his fellow-creatures blest.  
 O human folly, weak—to wisdom blind ;  
 Thus to estrange from nobleness thy mind !  
 O bounteous Heaven ! how little understood,  
 Whose great design is that of doing good !

Hither, my Muse, and brighter scenes espy,—  
 See where the guardian sons of Britain lie ;



Around her shore each spreads his gallant sail,  
 Wafts to her foes defiance in the gale ;  
 Sacred her shore to every foe will be,  
 While they uphold her empress of the sea.  
 To these it is that Britain owes her pride,  
 'Tis they enrich her land by every tide ;  
 'Tis they who sound her fame on far-spread shores,  
 Where flows the Ganges, or La Plata roars.  
 See all around immortal honours rise,  
 Greeting the applause of heav'n from the skies ;  
 See mansion after mansion rear its wall ;  
 House for the houseless, refuges for all.  
 To every land a shelter they supply ;  
 The dumb, the blind, the weak they ne'er deny.  
 These are the blessings which before me crowd,  
 On these my country's destitute bestow'd.  
 " By whom ? " the muse would ask ; " some wealthy  
     peer,  
 Willing himself his monument to rear ? " —  
 Methinks I hear a whisper in the wind,  
 " No, they such records never leave behind."

'Tis England's shield, the Lion of our isle,  
 Whom Commerce favours with her golden smile.  
 To her they bow, to her despotic sway ;  
 She leads them from my sight, they fade away ;  
 Let other nations boast their summer clime,  
 Their sky serene, their art of ancient time :  
 Let honest worth, and England's praise be mine,  
 And softness I to Italy resign.

The last a lowly train, yet such was man  
 When his first sire to toil thro' life began ;  
 Of such a train 'twere happier far to be,  
 Than bend to pomp or power the servile knee.  
 To me 'tis sweet to trace each rustic throng ;  
 Of such am I, and such my humble song.  
 Ye heav'n-born Sisters ! ever on the wing,  
 Lending your aid to those who wand'ring sing,  
 That smile to me vouchsafe who would aspire,  
 Tho' little skill'd, to touch the tuneful lyre ;  
 Ye woodland Nymphs, that o'er the groves preside,  
 And ye who 'neath the silver streamlet hide ;

Ye who around the dewy fountain play,  
 And ye who thro' the flow'ry meadows stray ;  
 Ye wakeful sprites, who solemn midnight keep,  
 When wearied nature's lull'd in death-like sleep ;  
 All save the bard who contemplates his theme,  
 And pens his plaint while others slumb'ring dream :  
 Methinks I see ye by the pale moon's glance,  
 Gracefully tripping in the jovial dance,  
 While she, earth's queen, with light imperial glows,  
 Her charm enchanting all around she throws.  
 The flow'rs ye've wak'd from off their dewy beds,  
 And twin'd in glist'ning wreaths around your heads :  
 Each waves an ivy garland in her hand,  
 Then whirling moves the sprightly sister band,  
 'Till morning breaks or sounds the matin bell,  
 Then quickly flee, for broke's the mystic spell.  
 Assist me all ye fair, and sportive train,  
 While glowing fancy paints the rural swain.  
 Still sleeps the world, the cock has blown his horn,  
 Risen has the lark, to greet the welcome morn ;

The blackbird whistles loud, sweet sings the thrush ;  
Vibrating joys resound from every bush ;  
The kine remain no longer in the shade,  
The flocks they sportive nip the dewy blade.  
The toiling bee,—ye drones, compare her size,—  
Yet she 's already humming as she flies.  
The flowery fields anew with verdure spring,  
And fragrance sweet outspreads her yellow wing.  
The traveller again resumes his way,  
Ere noontide heats oppress him to delay :  
Not as the world, whom drowsy pleasures bind ;  
Whom night o'ertakes and leaves them lost behind.  
The peasant slow before me winds along,  
He takes the field ere 'wakes yon city's throng,  
Leading his team, who own his gentle sway :  
Proudly they snort—his well known voice obey.  
No midnight revels chain him to his bed,  
Or cares of higher life distract his head.  
Gaily he goes, in more than wealth array'd ;  
A pride like his, vain riches ne'er display'd ;

His ruddy cheek, his undissembling smile,  
Speak of a breast content, unknown to guile.  
Blithely he sings, delights in all he sees ;  
Quaffs the pure spirit of the healthful breeze.  
Ere sterile winter leaves the low'ring sky,  
Or leafless woods beneath him cease to sigh,  
He guides the plough, he turns the fruitful soil,  
And e'en 'midst winter's rage forgets his toil.  
Anon he rakes or breaks the cumb'rous weed,  
Then scatters round his future hopes, the seed.  
As Spring succeeds, the weary soul to cheer,  
When in her train the lambkins first appear.  
Harmless yet sportful as the youthful maid,  
Whose coming they announce with flow'ry braid ;  
When budding trees her gay approach proclaim,  
And birds begin their little nests to frame,  
To peep the primrose from amongst the thorns ;  
To spring the daisy, which the field adorns :  
Then to the garden neat his care he turns,  
The soil best suited to each seed he learns ;

There culls each weed, then lightly turns the earth,  
 And to its tomb the grain consigns till birth ;  
 Or prunes the useless branch which shoots around,  
 Or in fantastic forms allots his ground.  
 Each tender sickly plant he binds with care,  
 The most minute receives of toil its share ;  
 Repairs each bow'r, improves each bending shade,  
 Then neatly trims his walks, with gravel laid.  
 At last sweet Spring, she breaks her purple bound,  
 Then is the rustic's brow with blossoms crown'd.  
 Thus happy would it be if those whom Heav'n  
 To rule the world a monarch's pow'r has giv'n,  
 Would on their kind a peasant's care bestow,  
 To each, however humble, culture show ;  
 Then would their reign to all a blessing prove :  
 Their subjects' hearts—that crown which time can't  
     move.

As thro' the year its various scenes we trace,  
 The blossom's beauty, or its riper grace ;



When summer fruits to deck the groves begin,  
 The sun on earth his vertic rays to fling,  
 The parched flocks to seek the cooling rill,  
 For shaded valleys leave the sun-brown hill,  
 Again we view the peasant, with his scythe,  
 Still happier than before, and still more blithe.  
 See them outstretch'd, they form a rustic row,  
 All bend at once the narrow blade to mow.  
 Not far behind, a train all mirth and glee—  
 The village fair, a comely sight to see.  
 There many a joke, and many a trick they play,  
 While blushes oft the lover's heart betray.  
 If cares they had, like winter they are fled,  
 And left them as the lark, which sings o'erhead.  
 The grass they spread, beneath the sun's bright ray,  
 Whose heat absorbs its dewy life away.  
 Slow and afar, they hear the village bell,  
 The cheerful hour denotes,—they know full well.  
 See them, a group set down beneath the shade,—  
 The rustic swain, the tittering youthful maid.

Outspread before them is their sweet repast ;  
 They all partake, while many a look is cast  
 Where sits the fair one whom they all dispute,  
 Each claims her to himself, yet all are mute.  
 There many a rival look disturbs each face,  
 Still mirth and laughter echo round the place.  
 Close at their feet there flows a gentle stream,  
 Where nymphs may bathe, and bards reclining dream :  
 To cool their thirsts, each sober bends to draw  
 The crystal liquid with a pipe of straw.  
 Thus with their little far more blest are they  
 Than those who Pleasure's voice, or Vice obey.

When bending trees the peasant's toil supply,  
 And clustering fruit salutes the wand'ring eye ;  
 When hills and dales o'erflow with waving grain ;  
 When Ceres smiles, and plenty strews the plain ;  
 When autumn tints for summer's bloom appear,  
 When pale and sickly wanes the fainting year ;  
 When every breeze that once sweet fragrance bore,  
 Now spreads the scene with desolation o'er,—



At each return the leaves around us fall :  
There we a lesson learn, “ the lot of all ;”  
Like them we bud, we burst in manhood’s bloom,  
Like them we sink forgotten in the tomb—  
When every shrub to man becomes a friend,  
The faithful mirror of his certain end ;  
Again we see with sickle in his hand,  
The rustic reaper trudging to his band.  
Careless he carols, healthful, never sad ;  
With hat of straw, and robes of *jean* he’s clad.  
Again he leaves the world o’erwhelm’d in sleep,  
While he descends the vale or climbs the steep ;  
At every step he hears some joyous sound,  
While dews of balmy odour breathe around.  
Before him, fruits and crops extending lie ;  
Above, the sun salutes him from the sky.  
Thus, as goes forth the school-boy to his play,  
He hastens to his toil without delay :  
Arriv’d in field, the maiden coy, the swain,  
With careful hand they reap the trembling grain ;

In form they spread it on the stubble ground,  
 Then into sheaves they bind it closely round.  
 Anon in piles they raise the comely shock,  
 Then lead with mirth away their plenteous stock.  
 'Midst all their joy they don't forget the poor,  
 Who stay behind to pick the remnant store ;  
 But rather leave, with pity truly kind,  
 The broken ear—to widow'd Age resign'd,  
 Who leaves her cot with orphan at her side,  
 Alike with her to poverty allied :  
 Thither with weak infirmities she 's led,  
 The grain to gather for a little bread.  
 The industrious peasants' just reward to bless,  
 To crown their labour and their good success,  
 The housewife neat with joy a feast prepares :  
 The parlour trim the festive scene declares ;  
 The long kept store, preserv'd such times to grace,  
 No longer crumbles in its hiding place.  
 The fatted fowl, with hams rich spread before ;  
 The knighted loin, with juice rich steaming o'er,

Now crowd the table in the antique hall,  
 Where box and holly grace the white-wash'd wall.  
 The hour arriv'd, the smiling guests drop in :  
 The bashful maid, with beauty's charm to win,  
 By mimic art unspoil'd, appears to view  
 Sweet as the rose in all its native hue.  
 Now comes the welcome founder of the feast ;  
 The hostess too, though not in size the least.  
 The swain sits down, a maid to grace his side,—  
 Thus flow'rs alternate bloom in all their pride.  
 Now each consults his partner what she'll try,  
 Swain strives with swain in kindness to outvie ;  
 One this approves, the other that commends,  
 And this a rival to a fair one sends.  
 At last all suit their palate or their eye,  
 And find their choice 'midst such a rich supply.  
 Then, lest their spirits droop, they soon regale,  
 With sparkling draughts of mirth-inspiring ale.  
 They pledge around ; each toasts the girl he loves,  
 Whose heart consents to what her look reproves.

The merry hours still later to prolong,  
Each tells a tale, or sings a jovial song.  
And those who neither song nor tale can boast,  
With six o'erflowing bumpers drink a toast.  
The barn lit up, where last year's grain was kept,  
Is next announced—the floor already swept ;  
Its bare brick walls with wreaths of green are hung,  
In gay devices flowers around are strung.  
Far in a corner perch'd, on stool remote,  
The village minstrel plays his lightsome note.  
The master's son beneath the wond'ring glance  
Of all around, with sister leads the dance.  
Away they whirl ; too quickly flies the night  
For hearts so happy and so gayly light.  
Quadrilles or waltzes find not there a place ;  
In country-dances round and round they trace,  
Till peeping Phœbus bright imparts the hour,  
And morning rises from her golden bow'r.  
Such are the scenes which happy make the swain ;  
These are the joys which leave no fevering pain.

Again, as rolls the year upon its close,  
In new festivity he finds repose.  
When bounteous Christmas calls her train around,  
He is the chief to whom her joys abound :  
Again those scenes exhilarate his soul,  
Again for him o'erflows the festive bowl ;  
He revels in returning rural bliss,  
And 'neath the mystic bush purloins a kiss.

Blithely to rest sweet nature steals along :  
Pause for a while, let's listen to her song.  
Aloud the blackbird whistles o'er his nest ;  
The lark, still singing hovers to his rest.  
The woodland choir their notes more simple strain,  
And softest music breathes throughout the plain.  
The swallow swiftly skims the silent deep ;  
Slowly the flocks descend yon flow'ry steep,  
Whose brow reflects the day's expiring glow,  
Rob'd in the hues its latest smiles bestow.  
The shepherd's evening lay salutes my ear,  
The hills in gold and purple cloth'd appear ;

The sheep-bell's tinkling lulls me with its sound ;  
 Veil'd is the rumbling brook with dew's around.  
 The weary traveller, bending with his load,  
 Pants for the house which skirts afar yon road ;  
 There to seek rest ere night his journey close,  
 There take till morn his short but sweet repose :  
 His parched thirst and weary soul regale ;  
 'Mong rustics quaff his bright refreshing ale :  
 Where mirth and joy, with laughter close allied,  
 In every face, o'er every cup preside.  
 The hour draws nigh, the labourer leaves the plain ;  
 Homewards there jogs the unconcerned swain ;  
 His thoughts before him there find peaceful rest,  
 In sweet contentment he is surely blest.  
 To yonder cot which twinkles thro' the trees,  
 Secure from storms, and winter's chilling breeze ;  
 On every side close shelter'd from the wind,  
 To humble happiness a spot consign'd ;  
 He winds along ; then slopes the happy vales  
 Where fragrance floats, and healthy sweetness sails :



Where woodbines, wreathing, twine across his door,  
And little garden smiles with fruitful store :  
But more within far better joy he shares ;  
His loving wife the frugal meal prepares ;  
Before his smartly burning hawthorn fire,  
His little offspring round his soul inspire.  
A father's love is kindled in his breast ;  
A husband's joys in every word confess'd :  
A child on either knee in tender grasp,  
With them he takes his evening's sweet repast :  
No brooding fears upon him clouding steal ;  
With health, with happiness, he picks his meal :  
Then ere he seeks that soft and healing rest,  
Ne'er found in riot, or in courts caress'd,  
The little space that skirts his cottage round  
He prunes, he sows, or rakes the dewy ground ;  
Or o'er the lattice binds the creepers trim,  
Or quaffs his pipe the shaded bow'r within.  
No rumbling city throngs to stun his ear,  
Or broils triumphant give him cause to fear.



The nation's discord, or rebellion's cry,  
 Cold hunger's plaint, the oppressor's cruelty ;  
 Proud men's contempt, the world's unpitying scorn ;  
 The misery by his fellow-creatures borne :  
 These, all appalling, rarely reach the shed  
 Where happy ignorance secures its head.  
 Enough it is for those who know to feel  
 Misfortune's hapless, oft too erring steel.  
 As evening fades, night comes in dark array ;  
 He seeks his rest, conscience no pains betray.  
 He sinks, his eyes in blissful slumbers close,  
 In rural dreams he finds a calm repose ;  
 In little dread he sleeps, in less he lives,  
 Trusts nature and his God for all he gives.

O welcome eve ! on thee I love to dwell ;  
 At thy sweet sound my bosom learnt to swell :  
 At thy approach my drooping spirits rise,  
 So dear to me the joy thy calm supplies.  
 How often have I watch'd the lingering day ;  
 At fleeting time repin'd, thought long its stay,

Where labouring toil close keeps me at her side ;  
 From morn till night with Discord's noise allied.  
 O welcome eve ! thrice welcome hour of rest,  
 When glad at ease, no longer I'm oppress'd ;  
 But seek some silent cool retired shade,  
 Far from the city's hum, or wealth's parade :  
 Beneath some tree whose branches kindly spread,  
 From cold and heat, a shelter o'er my head.

Or else where purling rolls some glassy stream,  
 Whose little wave adds much to fancy's dream.  
 There lay me down in meditative ease,  
 While sports from bank to bank the playful breeze ;  
 No voice but that of nature's, truly sweet,  
 Or sounds but those of her's my ears to greet :  
 Before me groves in all their fruitful pride ;  
 With flocks extending, grazing by their side.  
 Below where willows dip their heads and weep :  
 Where soft the patient angler rests asleep ;  
 And slowly glides the stately swelling sail,  
 Blown by the evening's still and softest gale.

Where airy songsters sing my head above,  
And strain their little pipes in songs of love :  
There 'tis my joy, at silent evening's close,  
To rest my wearied soul in sweet repose.  
To leave the world, its vices, far behind ;  
To exercise alone the spacious mind ;  
O'er the historic page instructive pore ;  
Or with "divine philosophy" to soar :  
Hear Shakspeare's voice, or, heav'nly Milton, thine,  
And trace a master's hand in every line ;  
Or with delightful Spenser ever gay,  
Sport in the throngs of gallant festive day ;  
Or picture in my mind some blessed isle,  
Where man upon his brother learns to smile ;  
Where all partake, enjoy an equal good ;  
Where want, or wealth is little understood ;  
Where friend in friend can always sure confide,  
And charity prevails in place of pride.  
Where noble youth, and truly reverend age,  
With patriot love, and gentle peace engage.

Where lovely woman, chaste as heav'n above,  
 Smiles in the golden virtues of her love ;  
 Adorning all as flow'rs adorn the field,  
 Pure as the fragrant essences they yield.  
 Where all inhabit as in early time,  
 When man was in his first created prime :  
 No painful evil passions to subdue,  
 Or curse, to give him cause his birth to rue :  
 Where all obey a patriarchal sway,  
 And filial duty smooths the aged's way :  
 Where youthful love, by innocence caress'd,  
 In artless smiles continues to be blest :  
 Where all sincere is harmony and bliss,  
 On earth, a heav'n of joyful happiness.  
 Such scenes as these rejoice the weary eye ;  
 Yet cause the tear to start ; to burst the sigh ;  
 To think how little, and how rarely found,  
 Though earth from pole to pole we traverse round :  
 And yet 'tis sweet, 'tis human sure to trace,  
 If not on earth, some blest ideal place.—

O cheerful hour ! how many bosoms beat  
For thee, to trace their quiet home's retreat.  
The school-boy hails thee to indulge his play,  
That he at large to favourite haunts may stray ;  
Never so blest as idle then to roam,  
When every spot delights him as his home.  
The ardent lover marks the hour with glee,  
To sport, fair maid, a raptur'd hour with thee.  
To none more welcome, and to few more blest,  
Than him who seeks in woman's smile to rest.  
Yet some there are, by far too many, found,  
To whom its notes convey no joyous sound.  
The gloomy captive hears its vesper knell,  
That dooms him early to his vaulted cell :  
To him it brings no mirthful downy ease ;  
That sound he dreads, which once so well could please ;  
He hears the birds above, that near him throng ;  
Perhaps some plaintive maiden's warbling song ;  
They sing and rove, while all around him press  
Obscuring walls, that mock his sore distress.

Where mother, sister, guards the sickly bed ;  
 And worn, reclines the dear, but palsied head ;  
 Where evening brings the taper's twinkling gloom,  
 And fills with death-like shades the sorrowing room,  
 Where lies the breast, ah ! once with vigour fir'd,  
 That late beat high, to noble deeds aspir'd.—  
 Where now a mother watches what was giv'n,  
 Burst from its confines, and rebound to heav'n !

Hark ! 'tis afar the matin's holy knell !  
 What music like to yonder village bell ?  
 To me it is the dearest, sweetest sound ;  
 It makes my heart rejoice, with joy rebound.  
 Hail, holy Sabbath ! hail, delightful morn !  
 Without thee drudging toil could ne'er be borne.  
 To thee we look as travellers weary press'd  
 Look to their journey's end for welcome rest.  
 Thou sweet restorer ! day of good repose,  
 When man and beast alike from labour close.  
 Thou ne'er-deceiving solace for the mind,  
 Thou hope which never fail'st to bless mankind :



Which heal'st the wounds man's body may sustain,  
 And free'st his limbs from daily sweating pain ;  
 And, as before us worldly tumults roll,  
 Giv'st a new vigour to the fainting soul :  
 Thy peace instills that heavenly truth divine,  
 Which teaches how to steer life's virtuous line ;  
 To mark revolving Nature's beauteous face,  
 Amidst her pride a Maker's finger trace ;  
 To listen to the soul's impulses, wrought  
 By scenes around to contemplative thought ;  
 T' unload the burden of our worldly cares,  
 Dwell on the hope futurity prepares.  
 Oh ! gracious Heav'n, how few thy wisdom scan !  
 From first of time thy potent care was man,  
 And though condemn'd to toil, ah ! yet how blest,  
 To find in thy decrees a day of rest ;  
 A day of all lov'd, in every clime,  
 Ev'n to the slave beneath the parched line ;  
 But how much more to where religion's spread,  
 Rears her high truths, and lifts her awful head :



Who man has taught above this world to rise,  
 Its wisdom learn, but seek a loftier prize.  
 "What land is that? why, Albion, it is thine,  
 'Midst nations bright, and that dear land is mine."

The fields with daisies white outspread appear ;  
 Above the roses wild their fragrance rear ;  
 The trees with blossom'd foliage seem more gay ;  
 The breezes streaming hail the hallowed day.  
 The woodland choir pipe forth their sweetest song ;  
 The streams seem clearer as they glide along ;  
 The hills reflect a richer, warmer glow ;  
 The quiet vales more peaceful sleep below ;  
 The lark sings louder as she mounts the breeze ;  
 The steady teams enjoy their well-wrought ease.  
 Where'er I turn my solitary eye,  
 On Heav'n, how bright its canopy of sky !  
 Before the little hills in grandeur sweep,  
 The narrow vales below, where wild flow'rs creep.  
 Midway the village, with its rustic spire,  
 Rekindles in my breast a sacred fire.

All seem so happy, and exulting say :  
“ Blest be the light which brings this joyful day ;  
The poor man’s hope, to lay aside his toil,  
The beast his burden o’er the rugged soil.  
Slighted by some, by some misunderstood ;  
Alike to all of universal good.”

My ears again are greeted by the sound,  
From yonder tow’r which calls the flock around ;  
Thither will I approach in gentle tread,  
Where lifts yon elm its venerable head,  
That spreading throws a cool sequester’d shade  
O’er many a cold, once blooming, village maid.  
May such a quiet spot at last be mine,  
To sleep, where, youthful now, I still recline ;  
With rustics round, whom now I hear proclaim,  
The virtues of some dear familiar name,  
Whom death has lately sever’d in his bloom ;  
A youth belov’d, brought early to his tomb ;  
One drops a tear, one plucks the springing weeds,  
And tenderly the sad inscription reads.—

What more delightful than a scene like this !

O'er one we love, to shed a tear is bliss.

Have I a friend, when cold I'm laid below,

Will such a tribute on my grave bestow ?

Have I a friend who friendship will retain,

To come and spell my long forgotten name.

Ah ! once I had, but he is gone before,

And sleeps upon a distant well-known shore ;

And should my fortune ever lead me there,

The place alone would draw the willing tear.

What more delightful on a Sabbath morn,

When happy looks the village train adorn ;

To mark them pass, the young a buxom race,

The old in cheerful, but in solemn pace.

See where the matron rob'd in neat attire,

Though bent her head, her thoughts to heav'n aspire ;

She to obey her Maker's great command,

To worship in his church, with Pray'r in hand,

Seeks, tottering, the ne'er neglected place ;

There sits devoutly, and with humble grace ;

There waits with patience long before the hour ;  
Her hope a shield, her faith a stronger tow'r.  
Yon aged form, more bent by time than care,  
He also trudges to the house of pray'r :  
He looks around, as though in thought he said,—  
“ Here sleeps a friend, and there a kinsman's laid.”  
Yet nought dejected are his looks the while ;  
He feels within, but shows the conscious smile.  
He knows his years ; he sees the splendid sun,  
Again he marks it ere its course is run.  
He counts the summers that have o'er him fled ;  
Conceives of those to come, but not with dread.  
He goes with reverence, knows his sins forgiv'n,  
And trusts to meet his friends again in heav'n.  
Mark, as he trips, the smiling peasant lad ;  
In straw or frock no longer is he clad.  
The newest cut of village art he wears,  
Though much the same as worn some fifty years.  
In Jenny's eye a blithesome youth is he,  
As ever skipt with maid beneath the tree.

'The tinkling call he hastens to obey,  
 With thanks his Maker's goodness to repay ;  
 Graceful beside, as blooms the humble flower,  
 Beneath some loftier plant in yonder bower,  
 Young Jenny, lovely, blushing in her prime,  
 Far sweeter than the rose of eastern clime.  
 Her modest looks a gentle form adorn,  
 While from her lips simplicity is born ;  
 She young was taught the sabbath rites to share,  
 And ne'er at morn to miss the house of prayer :  
 'Tis thus she smiles, in happy conscience pure ;  
 In virtuous hope array'd, through life secure.

The knolling echo dies upon the wind,  
 The sweeping train they leave me lone behind.  
 The swelling organ's burst upon my ear  
 Invites my steps, slow wandering, to draw near.  
 The humble church, though rude, a stately pile,  
 Displays its pillar'd length, its vaulted aisle ;  
 Around its porch has creeping ivy spread,  
 As if to clasp more firm its mouldering head.

Thither let me my voice repentant raise,  
Join with the good, and sing my Maker's praise ;  
Repent my follies, regulate my mind,  
To all the evils of this life resign'd :  
Here let me sit, each pious influence trace,  
Combined within this venerable place :  
Here gothic walls with 'scutcheons dark array'd,  
The last sad honours to the wealthy paid ;  
Here, solemn aisles religious awe impress,  
Awake the mind from apathy no less :  
Its gloomy arches bring the fluttering soul  
Hovering to reflection's sharp control.  
Its spacious windows, rich in monkish art,  
Fail not the general purpose to impart :  
All tend to raise devotion in the breast,  
To call our thoughts to everlasting rest :  
But still, for more than these, to look around,  
To see what meekness in this place is found.  
All bow attention, as their looks are bent ;  
In purity their prayers to heaven are sent.



How different is the scene, where throngs deride  
 Religious worship with a careless pride :  
 Where crowds assemble, merely to display  
 Their pomp, as though attendant at a play ;  
 Where fashion calls, who seldom calls in vain,  
 The cold obdurate of her empty train.  
 Of yon imperial city would I treat,  
 Where dwells the mighty, impotent, and great.  
 Oft have I mark'd with half discerning eye  
 The formal state which fails to edify :  
 The wandering gaze, the thought but half suppress'd,  
 Still with the vain world seeking to be blest.  
 Here, all is silent, listening every ear,  
 No rumbling noise disturbing echoeth near :  
 Here, all is peaceful, no vain thoughts intrude ;  
 This is a heavenly, holy solitude.  
 Their Pastor prays, he reads God's holy word,  
 Lifts but his voice, by every ear is heard.  
 Those solemn truths he labours to enforce,  
 He strives to bring the smitten from their course :



By precept urges, lest example fail,  
 Begs and exhorts, entreateth to prevail.  
 His voice delights, his words impressive fall.  
 The good man moves, himself adored by all.  
 He calls aloud, concluding, to implore  
 Protection on his flock, and suffering poor ;  
 He cheers the good, the stray, with mild rebuke ;  
 Extends on all a father's pious look.  
 Here as I sit, where hundreds sleep below,  
 Fresh from the vale the lightsome breezes blow :  
 Low whispering as they move the tombs among,  
 From aisle to aisle they chasing sweep along :  
 So will they sweep, when all this humble crowd,  
 Sleeps with the rich, the mighty, and the proud ;  
 And as they softly press upon each face,  
 So must they smooth our narrow resting place ;  
 Where once they fann'd the blooming healthy cheek,  
 Now do they press the marble statue bleak.  
 The organ falls, all slow disperse away ;  
 Yet let the Muse in meditation stay.

Methinks, I hear a voice, a trembling call :

“ Stay, stranger, hither, and survey each wall ;

“ These sad memorials learn, of all the fate ;

“ Be not with schemes too sanguine, or elate :

“ Nor yet depress’d, the brooding slave of care ;

“ For this the peasant, and his lord must share.

“ Alike must all the speculating mind,

“ Within this space, though narrow, be confined.

“ Let not the world too much thy thoughts detain,

“ Which lures to torture, and which soothes to pain :

“ For what are all its pleasures, but as wind ;

“ For what its riches, but to leave behind ?

“ Its woes, its sympathies so much at strife,

“ Make but a weary pilgrimage of life.

“ Let all thy thoughts be bent on erring man ;

“ Do unto all the little good you can.

“ Let sacred friendship burn within thy breast,

“ And virtuous love be cherished and blest :

“ Let all thy serious hopes for ill that’s given,

“ Seek rest of him who gives, the God of heaven ;

“ These are the lasting records which proclaim  
 “ The good man’s wish, a long and honest fame.  
 “ Here, mark of all that marble can bestow,  
 “ The grateful tribute ye to virtue owe :  
 “ These simple records of an age gone by,  
 “ Pass not with blind, but moralising eye.  
 “ Pause here a while beneath this fretted gloom ;  
 “ Trace what the Muse has writ upon each tomb.  
 “ The father kind, the loving mother dear,  
 “ More close in death, they rest united here :  
 “ The son too early wither’d in his prime,  
 “ And he the last, most hopeful of his line :  
 “ The only daughter, comforter of age,  
 “ New spring of life, a parent’s grief to assuage :  
 “ The little infant, freed betimes from pain,  
 “ Joins, with the rest, its native earth again.  
 “ Each to the stranger bears some living stone :  
 “ Stop youth, and read, ’tis death’s prophetic tone.”  
 Thus dies the sound, silence resumes her reign ;  
 Can the rude Muse of such a voice complain ?

So soft the accents, as they reach'd my soul,  
As though of lips unseal'd from death's control :  
Some fairer spirit hovering near the grave,  
Who lifts her voice, her warning voice, to save ;  
Who stirs at twilight, seen but in the shade,  
Heard but where noise attempts not to invade ;  
Who glides 'mong ruins, 'neath the silver moon,  
And pointing beckons to the silent tomb ;  
Who comes in silence, oft with looks intent,  
A heavenly maid, to wandering mortals sent.  
Yea, oft 'midst pleasure will her voice intrude,  
In camps and courts, as well as solitude ;  
She shrieks in battle, thunders in the storm,  
Ominous shows her fair but awful form :  
Again we see her leaning o'er the bed,  
Watching the body ere the spirit's fled ;  
While friends around the awful truth disclose,  
She wings the soul to seek its last repose.  
All hear her voice, the volatile and gay,  
The prince, the lord, must hearken and obey.

Now let me thus with reverent steps proceed,  
 Here, by example, profit as I read.  
 The first, a marble monument appears,  
 Whose polish'd centre this inscription bears :

“ Here lies the Father, Benefactor, Friend,  
 “ Who never caused the burning tear to flow ;  
 “ Whose every action did to virtue tend,  
 “ Who gave of all that mortals can bestow.

“ Beloved of all—so near to heaven allied—  
 “ Like Abraham he ran his godly race ;  
 “ He lived a Christian—as a Christian died,  
 “ And weeping hundreds bore him to this place.

The next a martial monument array'd,  
 With trophied banners on each other laid ;  
 Cuirass and helmet strewn upon the ground,  
 The banner, and the drum no more to sound.  
 A virgin form leans weeping over all,  
 Dear is the prize, when generous hearts must fall.  
 This stone relates that he was fighting slain,  
 In victory's arms on Egypt's burning plain :

Young, brave, courageous, gentle and sincere,  
 Brighter the star, shorter its great career ;  
 Esteem'd by all, he took the brother's part ;  
 To foes, a soldier with a tender heart.  
 Let all who would in martial virtue shine,  
 Repair, and ponder o'er the British hero's shrine.

As further I pursue the gloomy aisle,  
 A chisel'd form arrests me with its smile ;  
 The look of her benign, who's found a grave,  
 Next to the record of the youthful brave.  
 Happy's the heart, which can such looks portray,  
 Such kindness picture, ere it fades away ;  
 Her smile, that gracious smile of tender love,  
 Express'd by woman, and by forms above :  
 Her lip, it bears the language to disarm  
 Ire of its terror, evil of its charm.  
 Her eye with pitying softness is imbued,  
 Such looks of kindness once in life she strew'd :  
 A loving daughter, an adoring wife,  
 A tender mother, ne'er with good at strife ;



The trembling poor they sought her far and near,  
 The sick besought her, and the lame were there.  
 To none her purse, her skill, was ere denied,  
 She gave, relieved, new remedies she tried :  
 Beloved by friends, by all around adored ;  
 Too good for earth, she was to heaven restored.  
 Below the goodness which above we note,  
 This simple unaffected couplet 's wrote :

“ Her pious virtues baffled every art ;  
 “ The Muse, who wept—no tribute could impart.”

As lingering still, one calls my searching eye,  
 Where youths oft pause, and maidens oftener sigh.  
 Around I've seen the villagers appear,  
 Her fate lament at even with a tear ;  
 Remembrance still fond swelling in each breast,  
 Though years to her had flown with happy rest ;  
 Her lightsome form, her looks so heavenly fair,  
 Her light blue eyes, her lustrous auburn hair,  
 Her rosy lips, far sweeter than the dew,  
 Her lily cheeks, with golden locks in view,



Her cheerful smile, her soul-enchanting voice,  
 Taught e'en repining envy to rejoice.  
 Humble and meek, she kindness show'd to all ;  
 What from a rose, but sweetness could befall,  
 And that the fairest of her father's hall ?  
 All these still live engraved upon each heart,  
 So much she took the poor, the needy's part.  
 They see her form, each pictures in his mind  
 Her gracious look to them so oft resign'd :  
 Of heart too tender, form'd for scenes above,  
 A sacrifice she fell to virtuous love.  
 Her William bold was hurried to the war,  
 To find a grave, and sleep from her afar.  
 Some years he fought, a hero on the main ;  
 At last the sailor fell (two lovers slain).  
 At that, poor Emily faded as a flower,  
 Blooming she wither'd in a hopeful hour ;  
 But thrice again was never seen to walk,  
 Her cheek grew pale, her tongue refused to talk ;  
 And then it was upon her favourite cliff,  
 Where oft she had descried the approaching skiff ;

Where oft, with feelings to describe we fail,  
 She watch'd for the dear long expected sail :  
 Then with emotion would her breast beat high,  
 At every sail that hover'd, and pass'd by :  
 Would sit for hours with lover's hope, and trace  
 The bark o'er each wave to its resting place.  
 And day by day as sprung up every wind,  
 Anew would cherish with fresh hopes her mind ;  
 'Till rang the deep note, at whose cruel knell,  
 They clasp'd in death, from thence in heaven to dwell.  
 Oft of an evening, in her father's grove,  
 The maid was heard to chant her tender love.  
 Sweet were the notes her sorrow would prolong,  
 And these the words of Emily's sad song.

### SONG.

#### 1.

I've gather'd flowers, I've made a wreath,  
 To deck my William's brow ;

The fairest they of summer's bequeath,

The richest flowers which grow.

## 2.

There's jessamine pale, with laurel above,

The lily sweet and fair ;

Again there's myrtle, the emblem of love,

Envious honour to share.

## 3.

O ! how happy antiquity's maid,

The warrior's temples to bind !

Green is my wreath, yet soon it will fade,

If stays my William behind.

## 4.

Cruel war ! so long to detain,

All to my soul that is dear ;

How can I from weeping refrain,

When love produceth the tear ?

## 5.

There's storms, there's battle, the enemy's fire,  
The cannon fiercest of any ;  
There's wrecks, and death withal to conspire,  
Oh ! there are dangers too many.

## 6.

I sigh, but he hears not my breath,  
I see him, yet he's afar ;  
I dream he is closed in ghastly death,  
Then hear the horrors of war.

## 7.

Tell me, O tell me, when it will cease,  
Then will my hero come home ;  
Again he'll enjoy the sweet smiling peace,  
From me no longer to roam.

## 8.

Happy, oh ! happy then I shall be,  
By my dear William's side ;

His adventures he'll relate to me,

For I shall be his bride.

## 9.

We'll range the grove, we'll seek the bower,

And pause when the Mavis sings ;

We'll pluck and admire each innocent flower,

Such happiness true love brings.

## 10.

The birds shall mock me no more with their song,

Nor yet shall spring give me pain ;

Their joys to me alike will belong,

I shall have my William again.

## 11.

We will walk where so oft we have done,

We will miss an evening never ;

We'll go forth and return with the sun,

In faith united for ever.

Hasten, my love, why longer delay,  
I hope and despair for thee ;  
Leave the fell wars, and come, come away ;  
Or die will poor Emily.

O'er this her grave a beauteous stone is placed,  
Above with urn, and pendant willow graced ;  
Beneath where, broke, the fatal anchor lies,  
A weeping nymph laments their blighted ties :  
She leans her head, yet points towards the sky,  
Where lovers once united never die.

The aged fall, and transient is our grief,  
For unto such is death a just relief :

Nature with them has run her longest race,  
By nature's law they must resign their place ;  
As crops, when ripe, to fate's decree must fall,  
Lament we may, theirs is the doom of all.

But when a maid in youthful beauty's prime,  
Fair as the form of her of earliest time ;

Endow'd with virtues mental and supreme,  
 Excelling far beyond the poet's theme ;  
 When all that's lovely, far above each art—  
 The sculptor's skill true features may impart,  
 The pencil each fair lineament may trace,  
 For virtues of the soul it finds no place—  
 When all that's form'd, the eye, the mind to please,  
 The lofty soul, when sinking, to appease,  
 To soothe and soften as the gentlest wind,  
 And like the briar, to leave sweet scents behind :  
 To gild like sunshine life's dull cheerless brow,—  
 In blooming youth falls by Death's heavy blow ;  
 'Tis then we grieve, 'tis then we most show sorrow,  
 Youth smiles to-day, we look for it to-morrow ;  
 As flowers in spring too hopeful long to flourish,  
 Put forth their buds, which rain and sunbeams  
         nourish ;  
 Too feeble to resist should tempests rise,  
 One comes—it falls—and instantly it dies :  
 So fell the fond maid a dear sacrifice.



Thus youth and beauty justly pity claim,  
 Love is a hallow'd, pure, and holy flame.  
 These artless verses meet the stranger's eye ;  
 Hard is the heart that coldly passes by.

“ Beneath this stone is sleeping laid,  
 “ Once a lovely artless maid,  
 “ A sweeter flower never bloom'd,  
 “ A fairer form was ne'er entomb'd :  
 “ Soft and kind was form'd her heart,  
 “ She with pity took a part ;  
 “ Loved by all who knew her worth,  
 “ Gentle was she from her birth ;  
 “ All the village sought her smile,  
 “ Of pride unconscious she the while.  
 “ At last an ardent lover came,  
 “ William was his fatal name.  
 “ Two such lovers ne'er were blest,  
 “ Form'd for one another's rest ;  
 “ 'Till a war, the nation's bane,  
 “ Sever'd hearts so link'd, in twain.  
 “ Her hope on earth he bravely fell,  
 “ He died beneath the cannon's knell ;  
 “ She heard the deed, her soul arose,  
 “ And fled to where it found repose.”

Thus I've presumed, as each attention calls,  
To trace the language of these antique walls ;  
Here one calls forth, demands our warmest praise,  
With charitable deeds were blessed all his days ;  
And one no less, who once in every good,  
In every virtue felt, the foremost stood ;  
Whose mind possess'd a sweet domestic grace,  
Whose life to soft humanity gave place.  
The daughter, wife, and mother all combined,  
Friend of the world, and sister of mankind.  
Another claims from noble hearts the tear,  
The cannon was his death, the field his bier ;  
Afar from home a hero's death he found,  
His brows with turf instead of laurel bound.  
Again here one the soul of pity draws,  
Death in fair youth is not alone the cause ;  
We read, then feel a sympathetic glow,  
Our reason may forbid, yet tears will flow :  
Who has not felt what owns not reason's sway ?  
Love hears no voice, no dictates will obey ;

If once 'tis kindled in the female breast,  
 It triumphs there, nor ever is suppress'd :  
 If thwarted there, it burns a silent fire,  
 Death fans the flame 'till beauty's maid expire.  
 Pursuing still, all ages here we find,  
 All ranks, all power, are here to earth resign'd ;  
 A lesson here instructive we may draw,  
 For every tombstone bears some moral law ;  
 Each shows, that power and riches all are nought,  
 Virtue and honour not with them are bought :  
 'Tis truth and charity makes man adored,  
 'Tis not his being a titled noble lord ;  
 'Tis honest worth that shines the grave above,  
 That wins below our fellow-creatures' love ;  
 That finds in death, and death we all must see,  
 A joyous, hopeful, immortality.

Here long I've paused, awhile I now forsake  
 Its venerable shade, the field to take.  
 My way I bend, 'mong cottages retirè,  
 With lingering looks to yonder sacred spire :

Remembrance wings to where my sorrowing heart,  
From scenes like these beloved was forced to part.  
Yon spire, which, now receding from my view,  
Brings to my mind a long, a sad adieu ;  
When thine, sweet village, rose beneath the sky,  
The last to fill with tears my youthful eye ;  
Thy hopeful turrets mark'd, when far the place,  
Where through the hills my aching sight could trace  
My father's dwelling, mansion of my birth,  
Scenes of my childhood, innocence, and mirth ;  
A word of home, and all those scenes arise.  
Howe'er remote, beneath whatever skies,  
The soul reverts to former playful days ;  
The eye delights on native charms to gaze.  
Through life each fond endearment still remains ;  
The breast its youthful happiness retains :  
'Midst all the toils which life to most prepares,  
The many ills to which we all are heirs :  
How oft we call those blissful scenes to mind,  
Pleasure again in wonted pleasure find :

Though crowds surround, where fields are never seen,  
Still do we tread the often trodden green ;  
Walk by each stream traversed so oft before,  
List to each note the feather'd choir pour ;  
Pause on each spot where hours we oft beguiled ;  
Trace each loved pastime upwards from a child :  
So now those scenes before me all appear,  
From far, imagination brings them here.  
Wrapt is the soul from every object round,  
Fluttering where oft it meditation found ;  
Tracing each object to its last adieu :  
It now returns once more, sweet fields, to you.  
Here where the village skirts the close nipp'd green,  
The happy cottagers are seated seen :  
The matron there, with all her hopes beside,  
Sits blest beneath her arbour's flowery pride ;  
Before her narrow garden slopes the way,  
Spreading its fragrance ev'n in autumn gay ;  
Content she sits, enjoys the healthful air ;  
Proud of her offspring, innocent as fair.

Leaning they press, each grasps her aged hand ;  
 Betwixt such love 'tis motherly sweet to stand.  
 In converse here their evening hours they spend ;  
 Traverse each walk ; their parent's wants attend :  
 Affection in the cottage knows no end.

Where yonder willow throws its ample shade,  
 Behind where stands the woodbine sweet array'd,  
 The rustic cottage rears its thatched head,  
 The peasant's unassuming humble shed :  
 No elegance of art is there combin'd ;  
 A simple structure suited to his mind.  
 A jessamine arbour shoots around his door,  
 And roses reach his windows arched o'er.  
 To suit within his dwelling's outward mien,  
 Unspotted are his walls, his floor how clean !  
 Above his dresser rows of pewter shine,  
 Bright as when first new polish'd from the mine.  
 Smooth as his floor, a russet lawn extends,  
 Skirts too the road where yonder hawthorn ends.



Midway beneath a mantled ivy bow'r,  
 Look ! where he sits, beguiles the peaceful hour.  
 How sweet is rest to him who daily toils !  
 Home is a charm from which he ne'er recoils.  
 Contented here, beyond his thoughts ne'er stray ;  
 His mind has taught his footsteps to obey.  
 Unletter'd herè, in calm he spends his days ;  
 He gives to none, nor seeks from any, praise.  
 Not far from hence the partner of his bliss,  
 She joins him to partake his happiness.  
 Beneath the shade she reads God's holy word ;  
 He listens to the voice so oft he 's heard :  
 He hears those truths which make him to rejoice ;  
 She sees their force, and louder lifts her voice.  
 'Tis thus he spends his holy Sabbath's eve,  
 Free from the world, his virtue to deceive.  
 Though bound his soul to native scenes of love,  
 It soars on pinions hopeful to above.  
 Before, around me, all those scenes appear ;  
 The young go forth, while rest the aged here.



Some take the garden, some the shade beneath,  
 Some round the door, the evening air to breathe.  
 Delighted thus such happiness to see,  
 My Muse rejoiced, returns, fair youth, to thee.

The fading village now I leave behind,  
 In peaceful slumber soon to be consign'd.  
 The sun has sunk soft bedded in yon cloud ;  
 Returning rooks round yonder mansion crowd ;  
 The maid returns from milking with the swain ;  
 The stockdove stretches far across the plain ;  
 The bee no longer wings from flow'r to flow'r ;  
 The feather'd race, each seeks his mossy bow'r ;  
 The spotted insect, winged for a day,  
 Lies fluttering in the path's most dangerous way :  
 The lover yonder leans across the gate,  
 Whom love has taught so patiently to wait ;  
 His Kitty comes, scarce treading on the ground,  
 But darts to where her anxious lover's found ;  
 Her smile for every anger has a charm ;  
 He gives and takes the proffer'd happy arm.

Away they bend, pursue each silent walk ;  
 Indulge in lovers' soft and amorous talk,  
 'Mong yonder trees, in evening tints array'd,  
 Whose pendant branches seem for lovers made :  
 Where doves above in fondest silence woo,  
 And streams below in murmuring accents flow ;  
 Where lisp'g breezes fall upon each spray,  
 Then melt in fragrant essences away.  
 There do I see, oh exquisite to share !  
 Your pure delights, ye more than happy pair.  
 What bliss is yours, what joys to you belong !  
 To paint exceeds the limit of my song.  
 By every grove, by every hawthorn's side,  
 Where winds the vale, or purling streamlets glide,  
 Where hills afford a prospect to the eye,  
 Or shades secure from observation lie ;  
 There do I see each youthful rustic press,  
 With twining arms, and heart of tenderness,  
 The blushing maid, who taught his breast to feel  
 A hidden wound, which only she can heal.

How happy they, thus blest in early love ;  
 Pure is the flame as lit by heav'n above !  
 No baneful passion stains their simple minds,  
 Or craving gain in cold affection binds.  
 'Tis warmest love before which all things melt,  
 Whose genial ray so vitally they've felt.  
 From folly blest, from every strife at ease ;  
 No pamper'd taste, or appetite to please ;  
 The world's caprice, the rules by pleasure shown,  
 Exist to them unpractis'd, and unknown.  
 The glare of fashion, and the glow of art,  
 Take not with sweet simplicity a part.  
 Their prospects like their humbleness the same ;  
 The happiness of each is all their aim.  
 Kind nature has implanted in each breast  
 A mutual flame created for our rest.  
 'Tis they enjoy, indulge the flame aright ;  
 Corrupted hearts receive not pure delight.  
 What bliss I see, what joyful hearts are here !  
 Fair cheeks unsullied, even with a tear !

Bold youth enamour'd of his rosy maid,  
 Whose smiling look his secret has betray'd.  
 Woods, fields, and streams alike to charm contend ;  
 'Tis nature's beauties here together blend.

In yonder hall the twinkling lights appear ;  
 From yonder hill the ebon night draws near ;  
 The scenes around in gathering dimness fade,  
 And those remote are wholly lost in shade.  
 The peasant now forsakes his cottage door ;  
 His well spent day is now too nearly o'er ;  
 The lover now has homeward bent his way ;  
 Wrapt is the scene in twilight's mantle gray.  
 Now is the hour for contemplation come ;  
 The eye has ceas'd, no longer can it roam ;  
 The mind, it wings to scenes too quickly pass'd,  
 Well pleas'd a retrospective look to cast :  
 But soon it feels some dreaded silent pow'rs ;  
 Hastes from the past to view the future hours.  
 All deadly still, and cloth'd in black array,  
 Bring the swift mind from revelling astray.

A few short years, the longest few at most,  
When all that honour, wealth, or bliss can boast,  
Will be as nought, as silent as this scene,  
As you, or they, or I had never been.  
'Tis thus we love, and ardently are lov'd,  
From this low scene so temporal are remov'd.  
A few short years, and all that pleas'd our view  
Will vanish from the sight, as morning dew.  
The envious great, who now their store deny,  
Will cease to want what power can supply.  
The wealthy dupe, whose riches made him blind,  
Will leave his golden curse to those behind.  
The merry swain no longer will delight,  
Or chase away with tales the winter's night ;  
The bashful maid no longer sweep the lawn,  
Or with sweet looks add beauty to the dawn.  
Yon bell which call'd, and brought with easy pace,  
Will call again, but bring a different race.  
Ere then 'twill often toll that solemn knell,  
Till one by one it bids to all farewell.

Now darker still the starless scene around ;  
 With quicker steps I tread the shadowy ground.  
 Imagination spreads her forms before,  
 Conjuring shapes from her prolific store ;  
 The owlet cries from yonder ruin'd shed,  
 The watch-dog, howling, lifts his shaggy head.  
 The moon has hid 'neath yonder cloud her light ;  
 Pervading darkness reigns the god of night.  
 Thus every scene, however bright, must fade ;  
 Night followeth day, and throws on all its shade.  
 So death succeeds when thus our life is run ;  
 The clouding grove obscures awhile the sun,  
 Till joyful morn's again proclaim'd in heav'n,  
 And clouds and darkness are asunder driven.

Thus far have I pursued my humble theme,  
 Unlearn'd, untaught, unworthily I deem.  
 Ye, who may read, my many faults excuse,  
 Judge from my heart, and not my erring Muse.  
 While others wholly write, correct at ease,  
 Improve their minds, or study when they please,



'Tis mine to labour, little to incite,  
 With hardly time to think, much less to write ;  
 And yet 'tis sweet, howe'er mispent the time,  
 Though dull the strain, unmusical each rhyme ;  
 And should the pastime of my humble Muse  
 A single hour beguile, a charm diffuse,  
 'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I can desire ;  
 Alas ! why, greater bards no more require.  
 " Then how can I my feebleness discard,  
 " Or hope to meet with such a high reward ?  
 " Assuming youth ! aspiring thus we live ;  
 " I ask no more than kindness to forgive."

Yet should my song one breast to pity wake,  
 Draw forth a hand for need or virtue's sake,  
 Arouse the great to spurn not from his door  
 The widow'd mother, the unletter'd poor ;  
 But gather round, relieve their sore distress ;  
 Promote his own, and their sure happiness :  
 Yet should my song the prosperous vain remind,  
 That riches proffer nought, unless consign'd



To noble purpose, or, in virtue's cause,  
 To win just heaven's well merited applause:  
 And should the homely pictur'd gentle swain,  
 A wayward thought 'midst humble scenes retain,  
 Bring to the mind some long remember'd spot,  
 Too lov'd, too prized, ere to be forgot ;  
 A youthful day when nature's charms were bliss,  
 A well spent hour, a rural scene like his ;  
 Recal a time in sweet rememb'rance borne,  
 When joyful rose the Sabbath's sacred morn ;  
 Pure as its breeze the unpolluted breast ;  
 Stain'd not by evil, robb'd not of its rest ;  
 When guileless thus, unknown in vice to share,  
 It sought like him God's holy house of pray'r ;  
 Nor wish'd to change th' Elysian scenes around,  
 For all the joys the virtuous ever found ;  
 But lov'd, ador'd, 'mong hills and fields to roam,  
 With ling'ring love to trace at eve his home :  
 Then joy will warm my far too hopeful breast,  
 My rustic Muse above desert be blest.

Three ranks I've mark'd ; the great with ample store,  
 The purse-proud merchant, and the humble poor.  
 Do thou, great God, my soul with wisdom fill,  
 That I from each some virtue may distill !  
 Though mine the last ; O make content my mind ;  
 Willingly just, though poor, to thee resign'd !  
 Ambition swells no higher in my soul,  
 Than just to mark the varied seasons roll ;  
 To stay at ease where Avon rolls her flood ;  
 To pause on scenes where once a Spenser stood ;  
 O'er Cambria's hills to stretch the admiring eye ;  
 On Calder's banks in listless silence lie ;  
 Or hence where Caledonia lifts her head,  
 Rears her rude front, unscreen'd to winter spread,  
 Explore her mountains, 'neath her rocks to hide ;  
 Where flows the Don, or dashing falls the Clyde :  
 'Mong scenes pourtray'd by Scott's illustrious hand,  
 Where nature wildest dwells, or seas expand ;  
 Where hills and glens in echoing peace resound ;  
 Where ever worth and virtue most abound :

From vice and folly thither to retire,  
 Is all I hope ; ambition swells no higher.  
 In vain might Fortune tempt me with her smile,  
 Or strive my lonely happiness to 'guile.  
 With thee, my rural maid, I then would live,  
 Nor change for thee what all the world could give.  
 Companion sweet, where'er I dwell or roam,  
 With thee the world all over is my home.  
 Thou bring'st me comfort when none else can bring ;  
 With thee I sport, with thee I raise the wing.  
 Thou lead'st me on, like bee from flow'r to flow'r,  
 From scented grove to grove, from bow'r to bow'r.  
 With thee I sip the joys of every clime,  
 Sport in the scenes beyond the circling *line*,  
 Where spring unfolds her beauteous youthful charm,  
 And waves with blossom sweet her lovely arm ;  
 Where radiant summer, fulgent as yon star,  
 Sweeps through the plain, abundance in her car ;  
 Scatters her fruits fresh blushing to the eye,  
 The downy peach, the grape of Tyrian dye ;

Where pale-fac'd autumn, sickle in his hand,  
 Withers each leaf which falls at his command ;  
 Whose dying breath contagion spreads around,  
 Covering with leaves the desolated ground ;  
 Where winter, chilling all but social mirth,  
 Fills with his direful looks the frozen earth ;  
 Swells the rude torrent, and uplifts the deep,  
 Leaving destruction in his hoary sweep,

'Mongst all these scenes thou lead'st me oft astray :  
 With thee I grieve, am melancholy, gay.  
 At morn the lark, at noon the gentle breeze,  
 Sing sweet, blow soft, my floating sense to please.  
 At eve the blackbird pours its vesper knell,  
 The thrush replies, and sings sweet philomel.  
 The moon rides clear, romantic scenes delight ;  
 From yonder tow'r I watch the silver night ;  
 Hear distant lutes breathe softly through the air,  
 A watchful lover's passion to declare.  
 'Mong tombs and ruins where our fathers sleep,  
 Where guardian spirits watchful silence keep ;

Where nightly goes, absolv'd from every fear,  
 The maid to shed on dust belov'd a tear ;  
 Where speeds the widow with a broken heart,  
 Still her affection faithful to impart.  
 Not here alone to scenes of earthly love ;  
 Thou lead'st me oft to angel scenes above.  
 But now farewell ! My song, too long, must end ;  
 I leave thee as I would a dear-lov'd friend.  
 Prospective fields all vanish from my view ;  
 Farewell ! my breast beats high ; sweet nymph, adieu !

TO  
THE REV. J. L. S. M. A.  
WITH  
THE FOREGOING POEM.

My worthy, reverend, trusty friend,

'Tis far from me to tease ye ;

At least what now I greeting send,

I hope, in sooth, will please ye.

'Tis not a poem with learning fraught ;

To that I ne'er pretended :

Nor yet with Pope's fine touches wrought ;

From that my time prevented.

There's nought of Byron, all sublime,

Or Moore so sweet bewitching :

To such a height I ne'er shall climb,

Although I feel an itching.

Nor yet of Scott's descriptive skill,  
 Or Campbell's lofty flight ;  
 Theirs is for me too steep a hill,  
 Too far remov'd from sight.

Nor ought of Rogers can I boast,  
 Or Crabbe's minuter tale ;  
 Which to admire I know not most,  
 To please they never fail.

There's nought of him whom all admire,  
 Who " Auburn's Village" sung ;  
 Who, wand'ring, sweetly touch'd the lyre,  
 Whose harp with Edwin rung.

If like to any I would be,  
 And bards may have their choice ;  
 Goldsmith ! it is no less than thee ;  
 'Bove all I love thy voice.



There's none of Dryden's classic fire,  
 Or learned Gray profound ;  
 Or he who sweetly did aspire,  
 Spenser, of fame renown'd,

Milton divine, and great Shakspeare,  
 With reverence I mention ;  
 My name with theirs shall ne'er appear,  
 'Tis far from my intention.

If poetry, as one pretends,  
 Be all imagination,  
 Why, then, at once my bardship ends ;  
 'Mong prose I take my station.

But if, as others strive to prove,  
 To common sense appealing,  
 That bards descriptive to remove,  
 And poets of tender feeling,

Would be, as though we strip the rose,  
 Of fragrance and of sweetness ;  
 Then might we most our favourites close,  
 The very soul of greatness.

'Tis not imagination wakes  
 The patriot's breast to glow ;  
 'Tis not imagination makes  
 The tear of pity flow.

'Tis words appealing to the heart,  
 That simply state of wrong ;  
 That make the soul within us start,  
 And seek the injured throng.

'Tis poor misfortune's wailing voice  
 That draws the friendly hand ;  
 That charity maketh to rejoice  
 Her bounty to expand.

That is the noblest verse of all,  
 Which aims to better man ;  
 May never he from honour fall,  
 Who strives the best he can !

Thus I 've beguil'd an hour of time  
 In courting of the Muses ;  
 In writing rustic awkward rhyme,  
 The critic-world refuses.

I think at least no foes can rise,  
 So little I assume ;  
 He ne'er can win who never tries,  
 The laurel, wreath, or plume.

Farewell ! farewell ! my worthy friend,  
 Awhile I bid adieu ;  
 May happiness your paths attend,  
 With always hope in view !

You'll hear no more in verse from me,  
 If critics prove unkind ;  
 My next in simple prose must be,  
 Unless I favour find.

And should my lucubrations meet  
 With wish'd-for inclination ;  
 Why, then, again my friend I'll greet,  
 And seek his approbation.

## LINES,

*Written after reading Burns's Poems and Life,*

*June 12, 1825.*

SWEET Robin Burns, freak nature's wanton child,

Whene'er I ken thy simple artless page,

I feel my breast to melt with pity mild,

Or glowing burn with passion's fervent rage.

So tender and expressive is thy tale,

So unassuming, free from school-taught pride ;

To rouse the noble breast thou ne'er wilt fail,

So much with freedom's voice is thine allied.

In every verse some beauty meets my eye,

In every line soft music steals along :

Those native charms before me open lie,

So sweetly sung by thee, thou child of song !

With thee on banks of “bonnie Doon” I stray,  
 With thee from hills, and yellow fields among,  
 I listen to the birds on every spray;  
 The linnet and the thrush before me throng.

With thee on banks of Nith I wait the eve,  
 I listen to the tender chaunt of love;  
 I hear thee for the fate of maiden grieve,  
 Or sing to those whom heav’n has “ta’en” above.

With thee I skip the merry dance or reel,  
 With thee I sport on banks of winding Ayr;  
 There spy some “bonnie lassie’s” charms, and feel  
 The dart of love, then sing of woman fair.

Or else with thee I taste the jovial bowl,  
 With “guid Scotch whiskey” free my mind from  
 care;  
 In friendship’s lap awhile repose my soul,  
 Those hours of fleeting joy with thee I share.

O Caledonians! honour'd by the Muse,  
 Colder than ice must be your hearts indeed,  
 That would a hapless bard so sweet refuse,  
 Or aught deny, when Robin stood in need.

Poor luckless wight! thou hadst to struggle hard;  
 That dame, proud Fortune, ne'er to thee was kind;  
 And yet thou wert a merry thoughtless bard,  
 And ne'er before, but always look'd behind.

They told me, too, that follies thou had'st many,  
 And rail'd aloud against both kirk and state;  
 Pray tell me where's the man that has not any?  
 And then for e'er I'll hold my foolish prate.

Thy country ne'er thy youthful follies shared;  
 A breast more patriotic never glow'd;  
 And well might Censure have her judgment spared,  
 And something more on the sweet bard bestow'd.



Poor Burns ! thou hadst an independent mind ;  
 To crouch to power were far beneath thy name ;  
 Ah ! when will Scotland such another find ?  
 Thou sought'st for honest, not for servile fame.

Poor thou wert, yet thou hadst a noble soul,  
 The mighty lord of wealth was nought to thee ;  
 Nor could his riches e'er thy muse control,  
 To bend to mean degrading flattery.

O Scotia ! Scotia ! blot it from your page ;  
 O history ! tell not, Burns neglected died ;  
 Let cherish'd memory his wrongs assuage,  
 And say that Scotland after deeply sigh'd.

Say, can ye hear your hills resound his songs,  
 Your daughters fill the valley with his tale,  
 And think upon the bard and all his wrongs,  
 And not his melancholy fate bewail ?

When ye together of an evening meet,  
 An hour to spend in honest mirth and glee ;  
 His is the song your raptured ears to greet,  
 His is the sweetest lay of minstrelsy.

His is the song dispels the winter's gloom ;  
 The peasant joins it with the blackbird's note ;  
 It will survive when Scotland 's in her tomb,  
 And sound through ages long and far remote.

When Scotland 's scarce remember'd but by name,  
 Her sons long slept, and buried in the dust ;  
 Like Homer, he will hold her up to fame,  
 And sweep away old Time's corroding rust.

Ye rising sons ! ye learned of the North !  
 Forgive, if aught too zealous to my theme ;  
 Let future actions show that honest worth  
 Ye seek, though lost, in memory to redeem.

And thou, fair Muse ! who fired his rustic breast,  
 Vouchsafe a little of that flame to me ;  
 Then shall I be, O ! truly, truly blest,  
 If aught, sweet Robin ! I resemble thee.

TO MARIA,

*May 29, 1825.*

Come, sweetest maid, console my breast,  
Thy wounded votary cheer,  
Who seeks within thy smiles to rest ;  
Come, dash the trembling tear.

To none but thee will I complain,  
There's none I love so well ;  
But far from thee I grieve and pain,  
To whom I've bade farewell.

Though fortune me has cast afar,  
Her various paths to run ;  
To thee, Maria, as my star,  
I'll look to, as my sun.

Ere yonder moon, whose rays I see,  
Her light imperial shed ;  
A guide like her wert thou to me,  
A halo round my head.

A source of joy which never fail'd,  
Sweet flowing as the stream,  
Whereon with thee at eve I've sail'd  
In love's too happy dream.

But now alone in gloomy thought,  
By worldly care, too, press'd ;  
Those joys which we together sought,  
Were ne'er by one possess'd.

Wandering I seek the silent shade,  
Where bloom, in all their pride,  
The loveliest flowers by spring array'd ;  
May's sweet and fragrant bride.

The grove, the valley's winding way,  
 Where woodbines dewy creep ;  
 The streams, which through the meadows stray,  
 The gently rising steep.

Yet these, which once impress'd my soul,  
 Once gave such pure delight ;  
 When hours like minutes seem to roll,  
 And bring the shadowy night ;

Now lose their every charm and spell,  
 That magic wrought by thee ;  
 'Twas thou mad'st beauty rise and swell :  
 'Twas thou delightedst me.

When Nature's beauties thou wouldst mark,  
 Or pause and hear her glee ;  
 The landscape smiling, and the lark,  
 More lovely seem'd to me.

Oft, as with Nature's softest finger  
You traced mild eve's decline ;  
On scenes so fair my eyes would linger ;  
Bliss 'twas to follow thine.

But now afar from thee I roam ;  
Yet ever in my mind  
Art thou, and with thee is my home ;  
My hopes to thee consign'd.

Too painful thoughts at times will rise,  
Suppress them if we can ;  
They come like clouds o'er summer skies,  
To wound the breast of man.

Perhaps another, far less true,  
With cunning fraught and guile,  
Seeks fair Maria to pursue,  
And win her happy smile.



Ah, no! away, distrust her not!

What's mine she ne'er will give;

Swift fall, ye happy tears, and blot—

Fair maid! my thoughts forgive.

## TO MARY.

*May 7th, 1825.*

WHY, Mary, the tear-drops still big in your eye,  
Though bright is your face with a smile ?  
Your bosom though happy, still heaveth a sigh ;  
And yet you are gay all the while.

How is it that trouble, though past be its pain,  
Still holds such a prominent place ;  
That still in those eyes its abode should remain,  
As the dewdrop the flower to grace ?

When the garden we trace soon after a shower,  
Both lily and rose hang their head ;  
And far more lovely appears every flower,  
And sweeter the fragrance that 's shed.

'Tis so, my dear Mary, you look with the tear,  
 So full of compassion and pity ;  
 Both the charms of the rose and lily you wear ;  
 Yet bright with expression and pretty.

Remove it you may with that delicate hand,  
 So brush from the pink the bright dew ;  
 Awhile and again 'twill there take its stand,  
 Resprinkled with night-drops anew.

'Tis so through this life the gay sunshine of hope  
 Now and then fills the bosom with joy ;  
 Too soon it grows dim, while with troubles we cope,  
 Which damp in the end to destroy.

Yea even 'midst pleasure the tear will oft start,  
 A sigh oft escape to betray ;  
 A look or a glance is enough to impart  
 The joy that is stolen away.

And e'en too 'midst sorrow, a pleasure will rise,  
 A healing, a balm to the breast,  
 At times it will burst as a flash from the skies ;  
 A joy but by sorrow possess'd.

Many's the passions in our nature combined ;  
 And often so sudden the change,  
 At a word, a breath, or a thought we shall find,  
 At once through the breast they will range.

We smile, we are cheerful, awhile we look gay,  
 We grieve, then in sorrow lament ;  
 We hope, we despair, and at last we give way ;  
 'Till our bosoms with troubles are rent.

So short is the peace, and but little at most,  
 That below to mortals is given ;  
 A smile that's unsullied we seldom can boast ;  
 True peace we shall find but in heaven.

## TO SOME FRIENDS. - 1824.

Remember him who's far far away,  
 From his native land and his home ;  
 Remember him, and think of the day  
 When with sorrow he left you to roam.

Think of the days that ne'er will return,  
 With his youth, Oh for ever gone by !  
 Think of the breast that so often would burn,  
 Now pensively heaves with a sigh.

For the friends that are left far behind,  
 Whose memories are twined round his soul ;  
 Which fleeting time can never unbind,  
 Though the ocean between us may roll ;

Whose waters take their leave for a while,  
And revelling chase o'er the main ;  
Yet ere the sun has ceased to smile,  
To the shore they return back again.

So my heart though it wandering may be,  
A pilgrim through life's weary vale ;  
Whether lost by rude storms on its sea,  
Or in gentler currents I sail,

Will flow ever and mingle with yours,  
Contemplating scenes that are past ;  
Again resting with those it adores,  
Where it hopes safe to anchor at last.

ON BEING VISITED BY AN OLD FRIEND,  
AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

*May 2d, 1825.*

Friend of my youth, oh how welcome the meeting !

Long years have elapsed since we met.

Oh how delightful and sweet is the greeting

Of those we once left with regret !

Joy'd is my soul at the shaking and clasp

Of hands once united and bound ;

Oh how happy in true friendship to grasp !

A pity so seldom it's found.

How memory 'wakes at the sound of the voice,

Of those whom in youth we possess'd ;

Again in those scenes we seem to rejoice,

Where the soul from trouble takes rest.



Before us arise those thrice happy days,  
Oft dwelt on with raptured delight ;  
We look back and still see them in blaze,  
Though sunk in the dimness of night.

Friend after friend too has sunken with them,  
And left us in sorrow behind ;  
So truly the one we now meet is a gem,  
I hope not the last we may find.

Oh, how delightful a meeting is this !  
'Tis worth an absence of years.  
What can afford to the soul such a bliss  
As friendship, though water'd by tears ?

Still it is dear when but one remains,  
Of the few we found in our youth,  
'Tis then true affection, affection regains ;  
Still closer and closer its truth.

## ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

1824.

Poor Tom ! companion of my youth and bliss,  
Sharer of all my early sports, my pleasure,  
Long years gone by when all was happiness,  
And we in union careless roved together.

Unsullied days ! with thee for ever fled,  
'Tis vain to hope that they will e'er return ;  
Now that eternal Sleep sits round thy head,  
And leaves me o'er thy silent tomb to mourn.

O Death ! not spare a mother's only son,  
To gild the evening of her setting days ;  
Who yet had scarcely twice ten summers run,  
And hardly felt the dawn of manhood's rays !

Now Memory, faithful to her pleasing task,  
Makes the gay scenes of years long past appear ;  
Producing all my trusty friend would ask,  
My humble verse and tributary tear.

Poor Tom ! no more on earth thou 'lt ever smile,  
Or with thy presence cheer the lingering day ;  
No more the tedious winter's eve beguile,  
Or hearken to whate'er thy friend might say.

No more shall we again outstretch the eye,  
To admire the scenes that in far distance lay ;  
The rosy twilight of the varied sky,  
The lingering beauties as they fade away.

In vain the woods may echo forth their song,  
No more to their voice thou wilt lend an ear ;  
Nor by their side thy evening walk prolong,  
To hear their inmates warbling sweetly clear.

In vain the moon may shed her solemn light,  
No more shall we admire her silver beams,  
No more shall walk to enjoy the calm still night ;  
No, fled for ever are those golden dreams.

In vain its sweetness may the woodbine give,  
And all the flowers that the fields adorn ;  
The Lark and all the winged tribe that live,  
With all the songsters that salute the morn.

Spring with its blest attendants' pleasing train,  
Which glads all hearts, and makes all spirits flow,  
All its enchanting scenes to thee are vain,  
They will not reach thee in the tomb below.

The oak in winter leaves may cease to give,  
Fields and woods then no longer please the eye ;  
Returning spring again may make them live,  
But not alas ! our friends, when once they die.

No more on life's unruly ocean driven,  
In vain the wintry winds may rage and blow,  
Thou art arrived in that smooth peaceful haven,  
Free from the tempests that rise here below.

Farewell, my friend, companion, all that's dear,  
Short is the time that's at the farthest given ;  
May I this life in strictest virtue steer,  
And meet thee at the last in realms of heaven.

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A ROSE  
BY A YOUNG LADY.

1824.

This Rose thou hast given to me,  
Alas ! thou hast pluck'd it too soon ;  
'Tis an emblem, lady, of thee,  
And why not allow it to bloom ?

In beauty what fairer can be,  
In colours I know not of any ;  
Except 'tis the blush that I see,  
Gracing the face of my Fanny.

Yet in this sweetest of roses,  
In vain for one smile do I trace,  
Equal to that which reposes  
On thy sweet heavenly face.

'Tis in vain I look all around,  
The rose I must leave for the sky ;  
There 's nothing on earth to be found,  
The stars only equal thine eye.

The leaves that press round it and twine,  
Resemble those tresses of hair ;  
That flow with a grace so divine,  
And play o'er that bosom so fair.

Those lips so sweet, dewy and red !  
Were my lot to be a queen bee,  
I 'd leave the sweet violet bed,  
And sip all my honey from thee.

Fair lady, this rose only view,  
Which lately in bloom did repose ;  
Alas ! I 'm afraid 'tis too true,  
Thine is the fate of the rose.



See its leaves they wither and die,

Its fragrance, too, is all fled ;

Let it in thy bosom but lie,

Again it may lift up its head.

Yes, like the fair rose thou must fade,

Ere many rude winters go by ;

Like it thou must leave the cool shade,

To bloom in a garden on high :

Where 'tis one long summer for ever,

And the cold winds blow not, or roar ;

Where the cruel hand can ne'er sever,

Or part on that far distant shore.

Yes, kind Heaven will pluck thee, 'tis true,

To adorn the mansion of love ;

Thou wilt breathe the celestial dew,

'Tis food for the angels above.

How blissful the hope that is given  
 To virtue and goodness like thine,  
 To bloom in the garden of heaven—  
 May thy fate for ever be mine!

THE END.



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**PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.**




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